

The Tragedie

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And litle Ned Plantaget, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuer, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets
sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madame I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. Art thou so hastie I haue staid for thee,
God knowes in anguish, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowst it well,
Thou camst on earth, to make the earth my hell:

A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Teechie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proud, subtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer grac't me in thy companie?

K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefast once forth of my companie:
If it be so gracious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauie curse,

Which

of Richard

Which in the day of battell tire the
Then all the compleat armour tha
My praiers on the aduerse partie fig
And there the litle soules of Edward
Whisper the spirits of thine enemy
And promise them successe and vict
B'oudie thou art, bloudy will by th
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy
Qu. Though far more cause, yet
Abides in me, I say Amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I must speake

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of
For thee to murther, for my daughter
They shall be praying Nunnes, not
And therefore leuell not to hit the

King. You haue a daughter cald
Vertuous and faire, royall and grati

Qu. And must she die for this?

And he corrupt her manners, stain
Slander my selfe, as false to Edward

Throw ouer her the vale of infami
So she may liue vnscard from ble

I will confesse she was not Edwards

King. Wrong not her birth, she

Qu. To saue her life, he say she is

King. Her life is only safe in he

Qu. And only in that safetie die

King. Lo at their births good

Qu. No to their liues bad friend

King. All vnauoyded is the doo

Qu. True, when auoyded grace
My babes were destinde to a fairer

If grace had blest thee with a fairer

Ki. Madam, so thriue I in my da
As I intend more good to you and

Then euer you or yours were by r
Qu. What good is couerd with

To be discouerd that can do me go
King. The aduancement of you